

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraued;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lustie straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vnto't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.
Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flautus.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be croft then, and he could:

Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this fewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flautus.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.

I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I feare know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trap'd in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucullus, entreats your companie to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,

And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises flye so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:

He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:

Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies excede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits,
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very foule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that,

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your feuerall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:

Me thinks, I could deale Kingdome to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*

Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,

It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ft the dead: and all the Lands thou hast

Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I, deild Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so veruously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1 Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beeces, and iut-
ting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinks false hearts, should neuer haue found legges.

Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curties.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not fullen)

I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I
feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.

What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come
with better Musicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.

If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,

And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.

If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe

Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*.

Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight

And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,

But rather one that smiles, and still inuites

All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason

Can found his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,

Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord *Timon*,

Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast

With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when

Commend me to your Master, and the Cap

Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,

My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne

Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,

But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.

Immediate are my needs, and my releefe

Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,

But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,

Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand: for I do feare

When euery Feather sticks in his owne wing,

Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gully,

Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,

And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir. *Exeunt*

Sen. Go.

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,

That he will neither know how to maintaine it,

Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no account

How things go from him, nor resume no care

Of what is to continue: neuer minde,

Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.

What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap.

Var.

Cap.

Tim.

My A.

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